

B O N N E T XXVI.



WHEN lovely wrath, my Mistress' heart
assailleth, LOVE's golden darts take aim
from her bright eyes; And PSYCHE,
VENUS' rosy couch empaleth, Placed in her
cheeks, with lilies, where she lies ! And when
She smiles, from her sweet looks and
cheerful, Like PHCEBUS, when through
sudden clouds he starteth (After stern
tempests, showers, and thunder fearful); So
She, my world's delight, with her smiles
hearteth ! AURORA, yellow looks, when my
Love blushes, Wearing her hair's bright
colour in her face ! And from love's ruby
portal lovely rushes, For every word She
speaks, an angel's grace! If She be silent,
every man in place With silence, wonders her
f and if She sleep, Air doth, with her breath's
murmur, music keep!

S O N N E T XXVII.



WHY do I draw this cool relieving air,
And breathe it out in scalding sighs, as
fast ? Since all my hopes die buried in
despair ; In which hard soil, mine endless
knots be cast* Where, when I come to walk,
be sundry Mazes With Beauty's skilful finger
lined out; And knots, whose borders set with
double daisies^ Doubles my dazed Muse with
endless doubt, How to find easy passage
through the time, With which my Mazes are
so long beset, That I can never pass, but fall
and climb According to my Passions (which
forget The place, where they with Love's Guide
should have met): But when, faint-wearied, all
(methinks) is past; The Maze returning,
makes me turn as fast.